

## Last Warning Laughs

"BEFORE I was sixteen I created the part of 'Demons in 'What You Do for Nothing.' I've played in more try-outs than any actress off Broadway."

"I hate thinking parts. They make me dizzy."

"I never bother about cues. I just know when to come in by instinct."

"I always try to be simple and unassuming."

"I'm not afraid of spirits. I've always been in tune with the infinitive."

"Oh, these men! They sap one's vitality so—the poor saps!"

These are some of the pearls of wisdom from Evelynnda.

If you want to know why the producers of plays lose their sweet dispositions and their Sunday school vocabularies, get acquainted with Evelynnda at the Klaw Theatre.

Evelynnda is an actress by the grace of heaven and a pecking-ess. She is an artist who specializes in the hard roles—such as Vienna and Parker House. She loves her art—but food comes first.

The only exercise that the Evelynndas of the theatre get is walking across the stage. They arrive in motor cars, all wrapped up in furs, but not in their work. They come to rehearsal as if it were a tea at the Ritz, and they are surprised when the stage director seems irritated instead of handing them a cookie.

When we think of Evelynnda in "The Last Warning" we actually feel sorry for the producers. Of course, the Shuberts have, something laid by for a rainy day, and Al Woods smokes twenty-five-cent cigars, and Arthur Hopkins has a hand-painted golf bag, and Flo Ziegfeld's credit is good at the grocery store in Palm Beach, and Mike Goldreyer has an overcoat for every day in the week—but the boys pay dearly for these distinctions.

Evelynnda is their jinx. She is the sort of person who thinks she can act, and never thinks again.

She won't look at a man until after Dun's and Bradstreet's have looked at him first.

She has plenty of clothes, but she never wears many at a time.

She has a boarding-house reach, and a pawn-shop grasp.

She can set a man back two weeks at one meal.

She won't go out alone with a man, however, unless they're chaperoned by a bankroll.

When the bankroll is gone the party is over.

And yet she is a good-hearted thing. She'd give away her last year's hat.

And educated, too. She believes that the slaves were freed by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and that Abraham Lincoln wrote a book called "From a Log Cabin to the White House." She thinks that Harding is a better President than Wilson because he's not so thin, and that the Ku Klux Klan is some new remedy for sagging muscles. In the course of time she will discover that Clemenceau is no longer a young man, and that three shows a day are not given at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Meanwhile, she's having a lovely time and really enjoying life.

## Oh, Finish the Job

CONGRESSMAN - ELECT

suggests,  
Our taxes are too small,  
And he would slap on more of them

And end our troubles all.

They've taxed my meagre income and

They've taxed my house and lot;

They've taxed my small investments—

Most everything I've got.

And now they'll tax my fiddle,

My goldfish and my cat,

My soap and gum and matches,

My fuzzy Winter hat.

They'll tax my fireless cooker,

My nail-file and my clocks,

My toothbrush and my jack-knife,

My shirts and ties and socks.

My Ingersoll, my razor,

My typewriter and my breath,

And they'll keep right on taxing

Till they tax this bird to death.

And, when I lie, all dignified,

With lily placed so neat,

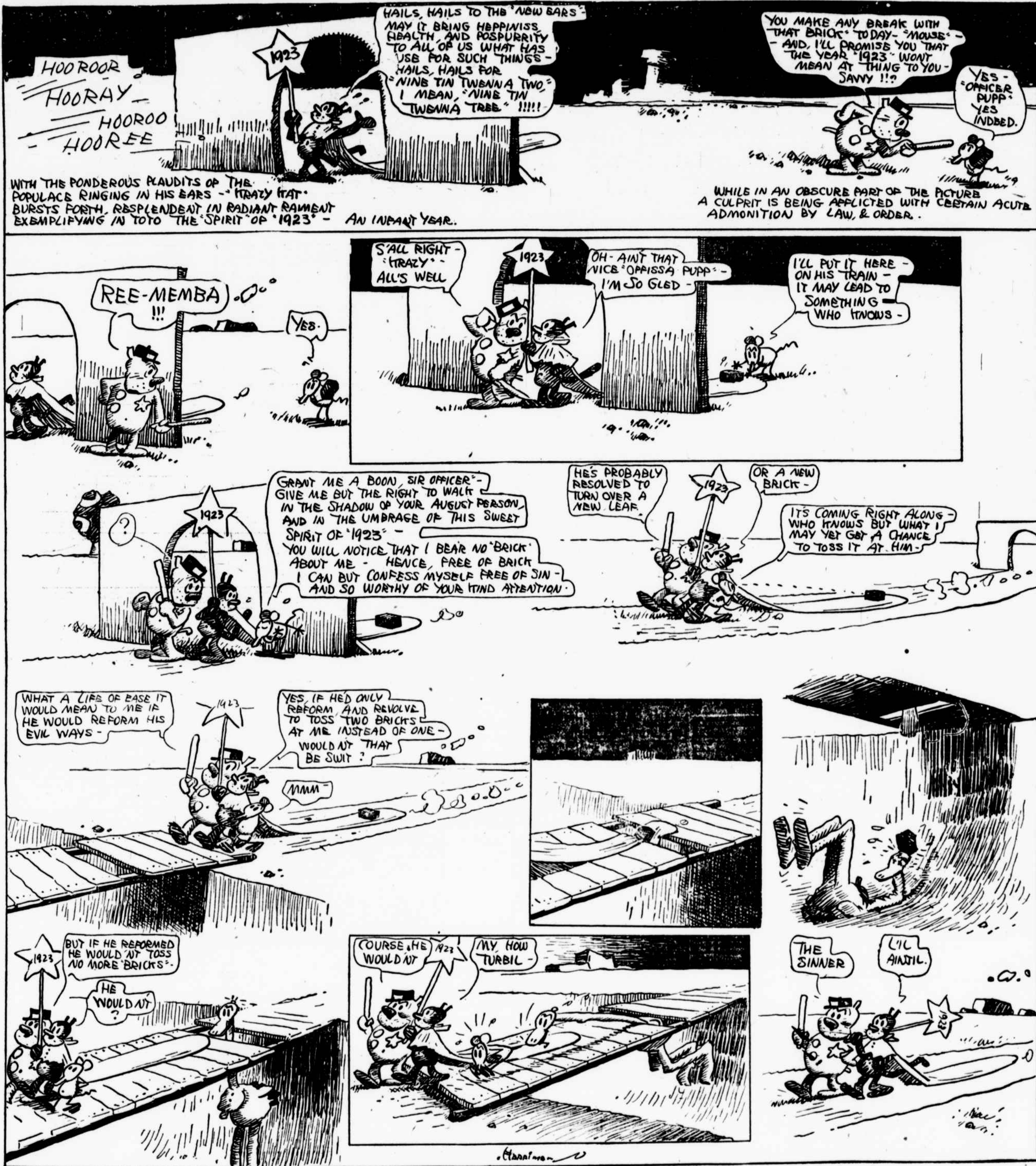
I hope they'll tax my harp and

own

And make the job complete.

## Krazy Kat

By Herriman



## Mazie the Manicure

By De Vaux Thompson

"DID you notice the large bite of Gorgonzola who got out of my chair just now? No? Well, he's the eel's eyebrows and you don't have to prove it on him. He admits it."

"He is the pride of Flash Alley, that bird. He calls all the coryphees by their first names—when they're not around. He's a skirt scoffer. De you know what a skirt scoffer is?"

"Not yet. Carry on."

"A skirt scoffer in manicure circles is a man who hates women—a woman hater—a cave-man. Do you get that?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, there are three methods of attack when different candidates for excitement approach this altar of cuticle shears and nail files."

"The first, or most common sort is composed of the Lonesome Guys. I have told you before about them. They are the boys who are in a strange city, far from home and want to dash around a bit and see the lights. That is Pose No. 1."

"No. 2 is the Fireside Flivver, in our language. A Fireside Flivver is a guy whose wife does not understand him. Hence he is a fliv or a frost around home and he is very unhappy on account his wife does not appreciate him. He is a little more honest than the rest because he admits right on the jump that he is not a matrimonial prospect and you can use your own judgment. As for me, of course I always give them guys the air. To me the only thing any guy is good for is a husband and provider."

"Well, No. 3 is the wildcat of the outfit and he has broke more manicures' hearts than Valentino. He is the guy who hates women. Zooks, how he loathes the fair sect. And he lets you know it the first time he sits in for a trim. If you throw him a Gloria Swanson right in the eye, he comes back quick: 'No use, girlie, I hate women. Gosh! How I hate women. They make me ill.'"

"Well, this bird who just gets out of my chair is a woman

hater and one of the worst cave-men I have ever met. As for me, let him go on hating 'em for three or four weeks until he got calmed down to the point where he could talk about something else."

"After he got through telling what a cave-man he was, one word led on to another and in another couple of weeks he gives me the invite to a food garage up street for lunch and, being hungry I accept. All the while we are absorbing that sixty-cent luncheon, he is telling me what kind of a cave-man he is and the upshot of it is that he invited me out to dinner on the next Wednesday evening and, still being very hungry after the sixty-cent tabble dotty, I accept that also."

"When the time comes, I excuse myself and go upstairs here in the hotel and do some quick telephoning, which you can do it, if you know how. When I get back he wants to know where we will eat this dinner and I mention casually an inn out the drive along towards the edge of town, as I figure there will be a taxi-

cab ride in it and a square meal as this inn does not furnish anything else no matter how carefully you pick."

"He does not look so pleased as he might, but he gives in and no sooner do we get into this taxicab than he proposes to me and wants me to get wedded."

"Well, I refuse him seven or eight times before we get to Seventy-second street, but he still comes back for more, so I finally tell him no, I will not marry no woman hater like him and no cave-man neither and that is final."

"I'm no woman hater," he says with a shaky voice. "I was only fooling. I don't hate 'em. I love 'em. I'm no cave-man, honest to—"

"Aw, be yourself and don't spoil my dinner," I says, and by that time we have reached this inn and have sat down and named the poison."

"I ain't no woman hater, honest," he says, lookin' at me across the table like a dyin' calf in the moonlight."

"Maybe you ain't a woman hater now," I says, "but you soon

will be." And them is truthful words as ever was spoken."

"For, just as we are toying with the Little Necks, in busts a woman about the size of the village blacksmith, and she gets one hand inside the collar of this guy's coat and, giving me a friendly nod, she cracks him in the air, like a whip. When the waiters get them untied, this bird I have been with looks like the fag end of a misspent life; and when I am leaving by one door this woman is cuffing this cave-man out of another."

"There is no secret about it. When I go upstairs in the hotel to telephone, I look up his number and whisper a few kind words to friend wife. About a week before I learn by underground telegraph, which we have in our cult or profession, that this bird is married and has got five children."

"I tell the wife I will turn State's evidence and tip her off to something good in the cave-man and wife hater line if she guarantees me full immunity, which she does. She arrives at

the inn about the time I tell her to."

"But, he comes in here, yet, you say. How is that?"

"Sure he comes in here. Do you suppose he wants me to broadcast this adventure all over the shop? I am only telling you because I know you won't spill it."

"But why did you do it?"

"Well, I'll tell you. When a guy is as all-fired a woman hater as he was, I believe it is a good idea to give them some reason."

"Mazie, how would you like to go out to that inn to-night and finish that dinner?"

"Are you lonesome and in a strange town?"

"Not in the least."

"Have you got an unappreciative wife?"

"Not guilty."

"Are you a woman hater?"

"Quite the reverse."

"Then, I'm on. Seven o'clock. Great grief, I am hungry. That other dinner was the best one I never got."

## Radio Revelations

IN one apartment house in New York there are thirty-seven radio receiving machines, which is really a small representation when it is recalled that there are eighty-six families in the house.

The other day the messages received over the radio machines were strangely scrambled and the owners were mystified. One of them going to the roof to examine his aerial wires discovered that a new family had mistaken the aerials for clothes lines and had hung the week's wash out on them. The sounds which emanated from the receiving sets downstairs were strangely punctuated with flappings.

A similar accident occurred in a downtown apartment inhabited by a number of chorus girls who, by mistake, hung their lingerie out to dry on the radio aerials. The music that resulted in the receiving sets was said to be the most entrancing jazz that had been heard since the radio craze started.

One industrious housewife in Harlem has connected her radio set up with her sewing machine and finds that, during programme hours, the set operates the machine at varying speeds. During a lecture by Professor Montague Bfiks of Hokum College, on "Hog Raising in Argentina," the machine runs very slow and sometimes the wheels hardly turn. However, when there is an hour of jazz by some cafe orchestra, the machine runs at lightning speed and the good lady has to be very dexterous to avoid having her fingers caught under the flying needle. She sewed twelve shirts and three nightgowns for her husband in fourteen minutes one day last week while the orchestra was playing the popular favorite, "Hot Lips."

A development of the radio, thing is the new radio hat for women. It was discovered by a woman in Flushing, L. I. She bought a new hat in a millinery store and started up the street, wearing it. Soon mysterious sounds seemed to surround her. She could hear snatches of a lecture, fragments of a bedtime story and bits of dance music, all in a strange jumble. She became very nervous as the sounds followed her and enveloped her wherever she went and whether she walked fast or slow. She rushed into an electrical store and fainted. The proprietor also heard the strange sounds and they seemed to emanate from her hat. He examined this and found that the wire framework was so constructed that it formed a perfect aerial and messages from several broadcasting stations were received.

A large crowd was attracted the other day to the clothing store of I. Mendelbaum, in the vicinity of Delancey street. A clothing dummy, standing in front of the store had suddenly come to life and, though its lips moved not, it was delivering a fine address on: "The Future of American Drama." After the crowd of scared people had grown so large that police interference was necessary, the proprietor hit the dummy on the head with a large club and dragged it into the store. He stripped the clothing from it while it was unconscious and, with the aid of an expert, discovered that the wires in the dummy's body made a very good radio aerial which was catching the entire programme from Station XZZX.

## Famous American Fallacies

THAT fifteen "Exits" leading into one narrow passage insure safety.

That the dressmakers always hate to see a new style come into vogue.

That any colored man can make a good living with a pair of bones.

That nobody but low-brows enjoy the modern brand of jazz music.

That the United States Senate has the future of this country in its keeping.

That a man who wears shabby clothes is necessarily very honest.

That there are no women who vote as their husbands think they should.

That newspaper writers are all poor devils who live almost anywhere.

That dignified gentlemen and ladies do not enjoy comic supplements.